

1. *Bellum Belgicum Secundum,*

O R,

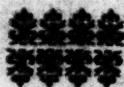
A P O E M

Attempting something on his MAJESTIES

Proceedings against the

D U T C H.

*O minimum dilecte Deo ! cui militas agnor,
Et comparati veniunt ad Classica venti. Claud,*



C A M B R I D G E,

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Bellum Belgicum Secundum,

O R,

A POEM, Attempting something on his
Majesties Proceedings against the *DUTCH*.

I Sing (assist me *Burdeaux* wine) the feud
Which *Britains* glory, *Hollands* shame renew'd.
Ambitious thoughts the Dutchmen still possess,
They will contest although without success.

So mutinous *Carthage* oftentimes rebell'd,
So *Rome* her insolence as often quell'd.
Englands long bloody flux at last was cur'd,
The yoke remov'd which she so long endur'd;
Lucky Rebellion had its pardon seal'd,
Our King a worser Evil never heal'd,
The Churches cause he pleaded too, and won,
Proving himself hers, and his fathers son,
To Crown and Mitre were all duties paid,
And the Phanatick spirit now was laid.

When Injuries come Echoing to our shores,
The troubled Ocean rages, foams and roars,
Some cries the wind doth drown, and some the flood,
None is distinctly heard but that of blood.
The guilty Dutch distracted with just fears,
Cannot stop others mouths, nor their own ears,

Therefore prepare a war, howe're withstood;
 And since the cause was not, they'l make it good,
 See what injustice they to *England* show,
 To make her Plaintiff and Defendant too.

And shall these Corm'rants live upon our Seas?
 Shall our Fish multiply to their increase?
 Shall we by them in the same nets be caught,
 And feed their barren Countrey thus for nought?
 Or shall our Merchants labour still in vain,
 When Dutchmens fraud dare intercept their gain?
 What Pyrats spare, shall they rob in the strand?
 And must we suffer shipwrack thus by land?
 Ah! shall our friends, our Countreymens dear Ghosts,
 Lie unreveng'd upon *Amboyna's* coasts?
 From punishment to execution led,
 Traitors in this because so tortured.

Are these returns of succour? did we thus
 Set them upon their legs to spurn at us?
 Or did our love deserve such thanks as these,
 To strike us in the strength of courtesies?
 We might survive although our trade were dead,
 But shall we let ourselves be murdered?
 Must we our fortunes and our lives surrender?
 And is our King only our Faiths Defender?

Vain Passion! thus to moan the publick weal
 That art as blinde as common peoples zeal,
 And can it be thou'rt deaf too? not once hear
 Of our great Fleet and greater Overseer

Our Sovereigns gracious self? whose princely sense
 Of honour's tender as his conscience.
 Go view his Arsenall, where thou maist see
 All the effects of Royall Industry;
 What work and what dispatch, whilst some at prow,
 Some at the Stern, some at the Hatches blow.
 Look how the Cyclops in their *Ætna* move,
 When they are forging thunderbolts for *Jove*,
 Some blow the bellows, some the iron heat,
 And others Metals on the anvill beat :
 Just so I'de said, yet they are here out-done,
 And *Jove* to *Charles* is no comparison.

All Nations now stand and spectators are,
 Admire our Fleet, much more our Princes care ;
 A Prince, whose ease consists in action, one
 Who makes all businesse recreation ;
 Whose speed prevents our hope, removes our fear,
 And is at sea before we know him there.

The Heavens here with a new Beacon blaze,
 Which *Holland* with fresh terrours doth amaze ;
England rejoyces for to see the Star,
 Since Heaven in this seems to proclaim the war.

The Channel's destin'd for this scene of blood,
 On which spread out like to some mighty wood,
 The strong though wooden wals of *England* stand,
 Trusting next to Gods arm, the Admirals hand.
 Illustrious *James*, well known to foreign Lands,
 Famous on *Spanish* Seas, and *Dunkirk* Sands.

Such a man Nations bear not till they groan,
 Whose worth till he be lost is seldome known.
 On ship-board like an Angel in his sphear,
 His Judgement as those Orbs solid and clear.
 Whose greater soul was well design'd by fates,
 As fit to pull down high and mighty States;
 And what his excellence doth most enlarge
 The prudent management of his vast charge;
 His discipline so strict and so severe,
 That *Venus* though Sea-born cannot live there,
 No rudeness seen, nothing which goodness loathis,
 No storms provoked are by louder oaths.
 So virtuous be all actions and intents,
 Each Ship a Church more then in make presents.
 The souldiers might have nam'd the *Argo*, all
 Are so compos'd like to their Admirall;
 In this they do exceed the Youths of *Greece*,
 That they are fetching home a richer fleece;
 Which if they do bravely bring off agen,
 Heaven had Their Ship, but it shall have Our men.
 Thy help *Calliope* I must implore,
 To say what *Holland* doth so long ashore;
 I nothing hear but what the News-book tels;
 That is, where famous *Rowland Pepin* dwels.
 But thou know'st all the doings of that Nation,
 Then deign to furnish me with a Relation.
 The English Fleet had *Holland* so affrighted,
 That the Dutch Provinces were scarce united;

The people cry, they're landed; Seamen see,
 That harbour can no longer safety be.
 Their cruising Capers think it a good bout,
 If they bring in all that they carry out.
 In vain the Fleet for hight *De Ruyter* waits,
 Who like themselves, they hear, is in the Straits.
Opdam is either sick or so would seem,
 Therefore our Duke is forc't to visit him;
 Yet the uncivill Dutch will not look out,
 As if they were all troubled with the gout;
 Let Phylick this disease no longer curse,
 Since it hath now disgrac't *Holland* far worse.
 Their Orators come back as they were sent,
 Scarce entertained with a complement,
 The King who did before use to pretend
 Himself their servant, is not now their friend;
 Poor *Holland*! 'tis a signe thou art undone,
 No Nation will adore a setting Sun.
 How their lost Brandy troubles them we guesse,
 Their source of valour flows from drunkenesse;
 Others may trust in Oak, they in the Vine,
 Their spirits are nothing without those of wine;
 No wonder then if Eastward they bare sway,
Bacchus we know first conquer'd *India*.
 Yet let them not think to escape their doom,
Cesar went sober when he conquer'd *Rome*.
 Whilst then we for them at the *Texel* stay,
 Let us their Countrey and their men survey.

Since the great Deluge did the Earth deface,
 The water kindly hid this naked place;
 For here *Deucalion* might have liv'd alone,
 The Countrey had not helpt him to a stone.
 No tree to make a Gibbet here doth grow,
 Though the inhabitants deserve it so.
 The Government is like the people rude,
 Confusion is its best similitude,
 Hither all factions crowd, and yet are free,
 The largest conscience here hath liberty.
 One prays by's beads, another (which alas
 Is but the same) prays by the hour-glass,
 A third is fainted from his gashly face,
 Yet Brimstone hels known fuell gives that grace,
 Dippers in every corner do appear,
 'Tmay be because there is most water here.
 The land with spiders and with sects doth swarm,
 Only those poysonous creatures do less harm;
 Nor is't to schismaticks unfitly given,
 It being the farthest in the world from heaven.

The day is come, and red out of the floud,
 Rises the Sun as if he'd set in bloud.
 Our Fleet into a fair half-moon is spread,
 But such as no Eclipse e're suffered;
 The Moon her self doth not such light dispence,
 And on the sea hath lesser influence.
 The Dutch advance in the same form made out,
 The English entertain them with a shout,

Which

Which makes the Welkin tremble, Enemy start,
 And through the ear does thunderclap the heart :
 Strange power of tongue! and mighty strength of breath!
 Such, could he speak, would be, the voice of death.
 Here hope and fear do vary, ne're did we
 Our selves so strong, our foe so potent see.
 Both terrible and numberless appear,
 Like to the rugged waves which do them bear.
 Blinde fortune had she eyes might justly pause,
 There seems to be no odds, but in the Cause.
 The Battel is strait joyn'd, the Cannons roar,
 The Ships receive some blows, the Sea-men more,
 Who from their desperate wounds new courage take,
 As if the losse of bloud did spirits make.
 The gazing heavens stand aloof and wonder,
 Learning from them to lighten and to thunder.
 The frightned sea under the noise doth quake.
 The neighbouring Islands round about do shake.
 Huge clouds of smok do interrupt the light,
 Equally scattering round horror and night.
 Here water doth the leaking ship invade,
 What was before support is ruine made ;
 There flames the vessell, and the men surround,
 And 'tis a happiness for to be drown'd ;
 Some therefore leap into a hollow wave,
 Clos'd, like the Ant, in a Pellucid grave,
 Some in the Funerall Bonafires stoutly burn,

While the ship doth supply Faggot and Urn.
 Me thinks I see how the flames upward rowl,
 Making the body mount after the soul;
 And lest the Conquerour should Trophies forbid,
 The fire it self doth raise a Pyramid.
 Th' English had fainted, but a nobler flame
 Inspir'd their souls at thought of *Charles* his Name,
 Who absent doth not let the Victory pause,
 Acting it like some Universall cause;
 For a firm constancy we hope in vain,
 Unless the cause which first made, do sustain.
 Here brave Prince *Rupert* so well known to fame,
 Does prove himself for to be still the same,
 Their idle shot he gallantly defies
 Till he come fully up, and then replies,
 Ruine attends each bullet, and not one
 But carries with it sure destruction;
 Not long ere *Opdams* head does upward fly,
 His dull Dutch fancy never soar'd so high;
 Yet his trunk keeps the chair, so kinde is fate,
 To let him die as well as live in State;
 Then down he plunges with Ship, men and all,
 And visits *Pluto* like a Generall.
 Our Duke had hitherto but little gain'd,
 The dubious Victory being yet maintain'd
 By his sole conduct; to which gentle source
 He is resolv'd to joyn his valours force,

When

When the united torrent stronger flows,
 And by an interruption fiercer grows:
 For on both sides Lords dead and wounded lie,
 Whose noble purple doth his garments die,
 Therefore he will no longer represent
 But be an army. Thousands here are sent
 Into the deep to shew his pious rage,
 Death does not kill so many in an age;
 Where e're he moves, destruction makes his way,
 And turns the Channell into a Red Sea,
 His acts would be thought miracles to the Dutch,
 Did they not exercise the sense so much.

The Hollanders grow weary of the Fight,
 Their Wings can serve them now only for Flight;
 Thus both Fleets represent two Moons again,
 The English Crescent, and the Dutch i'th' Wain.

Whilst others gather spoils, Great Sir, return,
 Let not your conquest without triumph mourn;
 The Vermine so dissected cannot meet,
 Nor have they wood to make another Fleet;
 Their Lion will ne're ramp it as before,
 In vain without a Forrest must he roar.

The Tempest now is o're, the Sea is clear,
 And the Kings-fisher begins to appear,
 Our Merchants may with profit plow the main,
 And know with certainty for whom they gain.

Charles

Who next to God does bear the greatest sway,
For he makes both the Winds and Seas obey.

Let then each Church give thanks, and every Bell
Ring out both England's joy, and **FRANKS' EASE.**

FINIS.